K-
721
779. L. 5.
4

MAN-MIDWIFERY

ANALYSED:

AND THE

TENDENCY OF THAT PRACTICE

BRITAN NICVM

DETECTED AND EXPOSED.

LONDON:
Printed for R. DAVIS, in PICCADILLY. 1764.

MAN-MIDWIFERY

ANALYSED:

AND THE

TENDENCY [illegible] PRACTICE

DETECTED and EXPOSED.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

LONDON:

Printed for R. DAVIS, in PICCADILLY. 1764.

A LETTER

Addreſſed to all Men in general,

AND

To all Married Men in particular.

I Lately publiſhed, at the requeſt of ſome prudent, ſenſible married women, a Letter, addreſſed to a young lady on her marriage, relative to the indecent and deſtructive practices of Men Midwives, and have the ſatisfaction to hear the deſign of that letter is generally approved of by men of ſenſe, and women of modeſty.

The matter is of the utmoſt importance; and I flatter myſelf there are few women into whoſe hands the letter may fall, who will not ſeriouſly weigh the arguments therein advanced on a ſubject ſo intereſting, and ſo eſſential to their happineſs.

But finding myſelf under many reſtraints in point of decency, in an addreſs to a young lady, and well knowing how neceſſary it is, that all men, as well as women, ſhould unite in diſcountenancing this indecent and unneceſſary practice, I now addreſs myſelf to all men in general, and to all married men in particular. It is not that I want to indulge my fancy in impure thoughts or expreſſions, though I muſt in this epiſtle make uſe of both; but let it be remembered, that my motive is thereby to put a ſtop to impure acts, immodeſt actions, and the indelicate, unchaſte, and unneceſſary tranſactions of Men Midwives, ſuch as they avowedly and publicly profeſs, and ſuch that every man of ſenſe, decency, ſentiment and ſpirit, muſt and will diſapprove, or be totally indifferent as to his wife's conduct, or his own honour.

The following ſtory is a matter of fact, which happened lately in the Weſt of England. A gentleman of the faculty, i. e. a country ſurgeon, apothecary and man-midwife, being ſent for in great haſte to deliver a woman, did, as ſoon as he arrived, in order I ſuppoſe to ſhew his dexterity, by the means of a Hook, deliver her

her inſtantly from her pain, and the child from a life, it could ſcarcely be ſaid to have enter'd into, and having ſo done, took his fee and his leave; but before he had got two miles off, he was purſued and overtaken by the Huſband, who deſired his immediate return, as the pains of his wife were come on again in a more violent manner than ever; but before the huſband and doctor got back, ſhe was delivered of another child, by the help *only* of that excellent, and never failing female midwife, Goody Nature! This old lady, who had practiſed the art of midwifery in every corner of the globe, for many thouſand generations, with amazing ſucceſs, was, about fifty years ago, ſtifled in France between two feather-beds, by Meſſrs. Doctors *La Motte* and *Mauriceau*; and no ſooner was the good old lady interred, than theſe, and many other male impoſtors in that fantaſtical country, endeavoured to intrude themſelves on the public as her legitimate ſons; nay, to be able by their art, and with the help of hooks, crotchets, fillets, forceps, and ſciſſars, to ſurpaſs the good old lady.

The vivacity, and the love of novelty, peculiar to that nation; the great liberties the two ſexes are allowed to take

take in that kingdom, promoted the deſigns of theſe men, and prevented a detection of ſuch impoſtors, till they became ſo numerous, and had eſtabliſhed ſo much intereſt, (owing I preſume to their ſex) that the old lady, their pretended mother, has there long ſince been forgot: That ſuch a practice as this ſhould begin in France, be encouraged by the ladies, and permitted by the men, does not much ſurpriſe me; becauſe chaſtity, in that country, is rather an unfaſhionable part of high breeding and high life; but that Engliſhmen, tenacious of their own, and their wives honour, ſhould tamely ſubmit to a practice ſo unneceſſary, and ſo big with miſchief, amazes me beyond conception; and I can account for it only, becauſe a few women of faſhion, as they are called, have countenanced it, and their puſillanimous huſbands have been afraid to forbid it. The middling claſs of people muſt be in faſhion, and ape the quality; decency be kicked down ſtairs, and modeſty put out of countenance, becauſe my Lady Betty Modiſh hates an old fumbling woman about her perſon.

The Critical, or Monthly Reviewers, I forget which, were pleaſed to obſerve, that the author of the Addreſs to a Young Lady on her Marriage, was (though a pretender

tender to decency) the moſt indecent creature himſelf that ever took a pen in hand. Whether this reſentment aroſe from the *ſting* in the *tail* of the letter levell'd at theſe *Book Midwives*, or from their being chiefly compoſed of ſurgeons and men midwives, who murder books for want of *infant practice*, I muſt ſubmit to the reader's judgment; but they ought to have owned that every indelicate expreſſion in that epiſtle is extracted almoſt *verbatim* from their Friend Dr. Smellie's Treatiſe on Midwifery, a book written in Engliſh, the matter by Smellie, and the language ſaid to be that of Dr. Smollet.

That men midwives may think fooliſhly, and act wantonly, is no more than I can eaſily conceive; but that a man midwife ſhould ſit down and write, and publiſh a ſerious book, and give therein ſerious directions relative to the practice of midwifery, ſo contrary to reaſon, ſo void of judgment, and ſo alarming to modeſty, is aſtoniſhing beyond expreſſion! But to avoid the monthly critic's laſh, I will give a few extracts from one of theſe learned gentlemen's performances, that the decency of this writer, and the letter writer, may be compared by the judicious reader, as well as the reviewers. Dr. Smellie in his Treatiſe on Midwifery, page 92, ſpeaking

of the parts of generation in women, obſerves, *That the Clitoris, with its Preputium, is found between the Labia on the middle and fore part of the Pubis; and from the lower part of the Clitoris, the Nymphæ riſing, ſpread outwards, and downwards, to the Os Externum, forming a kind of ſulcus, or furrow, called the Foſſa Magna, or Navicularis, for the direction of the Penis in coition, or of the Finger in touching, into the Vagina!* By this ſhrewd obſervation on the *wiſdom* of Providence, the *modeſt* Doctor, in his firſt chapter, ſhews plainly that *touching* is an eſſential part of the practice of Midwifery; and that, in his opinion, thoſe parts of a woman were formed by nature, not only for the direction of the Penis in coition, but for the *direction* of the Doctor's finger in *touching*: The manner of doing which, the Doctor explains thus, page 180.

Touching, ſays the ingenious Doctor, *is performed by introducing the foreſinger, lubricated with pomatum, into the Vagina, in order to feel the Os Internum, and Neck of the Uterus; and ſometimes into the Rectum! to diſcover the ſtretching of the Fundus: By ſome we are adviſed to touch with the middle finger, as being the longeſt; and by others to employ both that and the firſt; but the middle is too much encumbered by that on each ſide, to anſwer the*

purpoſe

purpoſe fully; and when two are introduced together, the patient never fails to complain. The deſign of touching is to be informed whether the woman is, or is not with child; to know how far ſhe is advanced in her pregnancy; if ſhe is in danger of a miſcarriage, &c. &c. &c. Thus far the ingenious Doctor: But as women's paſſions are very unlike thoſe of men, and generally lie dormant till ſtirr'd by the dalliance of a man, may I not be permitted to obſerve, that the deſign of touching alſo, *may be* to ſee if any emotions ariſe in the *touched* lady's breaſt, that the Doctor may take advantage of. A man once admitted to ſuch a liberty, knows not himſelf, and the woman, who through ſimplicity, (or what, *ſhe is told*, is neceſſity) conſents to it, cannot anſwer for the conſequences that may ariſe from ſuch tranſactions. I will ſuppoſe myſelf, for inſtance, a man-midwife, ſent for by a lady of youth and beauty; the lady has not been long married; ſhe is unwell; doubtful whether ſhe is with child, and deſirous of being informed.

Upon my arrival, if her huſband happens to be preſent, he muſt retire; for I know too well the pain that he muſt feel on hearing even the *firſt neceſſary queſtion*! Therefore nothing but an affected, ſtiff air, a grave face peeping out of a *profound* wig, and my hand kept *warm*

in

in my muff, muſt tranſpire till *huſband* is goné out of the room, and from that inſtant the dreſſing-room becomes ſacred to me and my patient. I then proceed to aſk ſuch Queſtions, with an air of gravity and importance, that muſt confound a woman of modeſty beyond imagination; ſhe is embarraſſed: I then get up, take her by the hand, and tell her how very unlike her conduct is to my lady Suſan Squeamiſh's, whom I have juſt left; that her ladyſhip thought ſhe was with child, but that I *could perceive* no circle round *her nepples*, nor by the *Touch* had I any reaſon to believe ſhe was breeding: This reconciles my new patient; ſhe hears, and wonders at lady Suſan's conduct; but believing it no more than is common, and that the Doctor has a licence to take, and ſhe to grant theſe liberties, ſhe acquieſces. I then proceed to examine *her breaſts*, nepples, &c. by which I can ſoon be able to diſcover what further liberties I may proceed to, under the ſanction of my great wig, and my grave face; and if once admitted to *the touch*, all difficulties for ſeven or eight months after are removed; my patient and I underſtand one another; ſecrecy is the word; my character, and her honour, ſeal it.

If

If men-midwives under theſe circumſtances ſtand unmoved, they are a part of the human ſpecies I am a ſtranger to! Suppoſe then, for it is no more than natural to ſuppoſe it, that I ſhould offer ſome further liberty, after *the Touch*, (a more indelicate liberty I cannot offer) ſuppoſe then, I ſay, my patient ſhould fly out, and aſk me what I mean by ſuch inſolent and unwarrantable conduct? make towards the Bell in order to call her huſband or ſervants; what muſt be done? why ſtep in between her and the bell, drop on my knees, and implore her pardon; telling her that my profeſſion does not emaſculate me; that my own and family's bread depends on my character and in my profeſſion; that I never was ſo *operated* upon on any *former* occaſion; that what had happened was more my misfortune than my fault; and that I muſt have been more or leſs than man, to have been unmoved on *ſuch* an occaſion, with *ſuch* a woman. Here is a full and certain pardon obtained; for a ſenſible woman would be too wiſe to tell her huſband, and a fooliſh woman too vain.

However high the above ſcenery may be coloured, it is no more than nature exhibits every day, not only in

the capital of this kingdom, but almoſt in every country town. Whichever way I go out of London, far or near, every town is ornamented with a red door, and a bright knocker, and over it you are informed in gold letters, that the houſe in the property of Dr. Blowbladder, ſurgeon, apothecary, and man-midwife! nay, often two names, as partners in this *myſterious buſineſs*, ornament the board.

I know not which to diſpiſe moſt, the profeſſors of this bawdry profeſſion, or the huſbands who tamely ſubmit their wives to be ſo wantonly and unneceſſarily handled by them; and I am perſuaded I am now ſpeaking the ſentiments of every man in England in proportion to his knowledge of human nature.

The dangerous conſequences of iron inſtruments, almoſt conſtantly uſed by men midwives, and which often deſtroy the life of the child or mother, or both, and the certainty of rendering the woman's perſon leſs *agreeable*, and often loathſome to her huſband, ought to have great weight with women and their huſbands alſo, provided the matter of delicacy, decency and modeſty, was out of the queſtion: and yet it is no uncommon thing to hear a male

a male midwife practitioner call the greateſt calamity and misfortune that can befall a woman, by the ludicrous epithet of *Laying Pit and Boxes together*.

Men were born, and women were delivered by the proper attendance of women only, for many generations, and without any bad conſequences either to the mother or the child. Nature left to herſelf ſcarce ever errs; if ſhe does, it generally happens that ſhe over-does, but never under-does her part. To wait the courſe of nature, receive her hints, and gently aſſiſt her efforts, is the part of a ſkilfull midwife; he or ſhe who does more, is ignorant of the little they have to do; and this buſineſs ought always to be done by the aſſiſtance of women only, and a thouſand arguments might be produced to confirm it.

I am not unaware that it will be here ſaid, that difficult labours require not only the ſkill, but ſtrength of a man, and that it would be impoſſible to deliver ſome women without inſtruments; it may be ſo; but I will take upon me to ſay, it only happens to ſuch women who have been injured by haſty or forced labours with a former child, or by iron inſtruments; it never happens

to

to a woman with her firſt child; nor it never happens to the poor with any child; the reaſon is, that they are not injured by the former labours; and that the old lady mentioned above, is the faithful and unerring midwife of the latter. I ſee continual accounts of the death of women in childbed that are women of faſhion: I never hear in the country where I live, of the death of any of my unfaſhionable neighbours of this *diſtemper*, as Dr. Smellie calls it. When does a mare, a cow, a hare, a rabbit, or any part of the brute creation die, in bringing forth their young? Never: And has Providence been ſo careful of the preſervation of brutes, and left the nobleſt part of her production in danger? Certainly no: Why then ſhould women think it neceſſary to expoſe their perſons, and their infirmities, and to be twiſted and turned about in whatever poſture or attitude the man midwife is pleaſed to direct, either in bed or up, and to keep her huſband all this time in more pain of mind, than that which ſhe ſuffers in body, for no other end but the vanity of having a doctor, as they call it; but what I call, an outrage to ſenſe, dignity, love and virtue.

That

That ſome of theſe Touching Gentry have been proſecuted and ſeverely puniſhed for their luſtful attempts, in *touching* their patients, is a notorious truth; that hundreds of them get off, and that many ſucceed, cannot be doubted: nay, it can ſcarce be doubted but they all are liable to fall into the ſituation I juſt now ſuppoſed myſelf, and pointed the way to get out.

I could mention ſeveral proſecutions of men midwives upon record; but the following will be ſufficient; though a man who is robbed of his wife's fidelity, does not miſs it till it is too late to advertiſe the thief.

A merchant in this kingdom, who had a very young and beautiful wife, was attended by an eminent man-midwife, to cure him of a diſorder he had got by going aſtray, and amuſing himſelf one evening in the environs of Covent-Garden, while his buxom wife imagined he was gone to his country houſe at Epſom: The merchant therefore deſired the doctor to viſit his wife, whom he ſuſpected to be with child; and, to ſave appearances, perſuade her, that, by a complaint he found *(from touching I preſume)* ſhe laboured under, it was abſolutely neceſſary to lie apart from her huſband. The doctor

undertook the commiſſion; when, inſtead of ſaving the huſband's credit, and faithfully keeping his ſecret, he informed the wife with the whole truth of the matter; and made ſuch inflammatory obſervations on the inconſtancy of her huſband, and the beauty of the wife, that, with the advantage of opportunity, her huſband's falſeneſs, and large doſes of *cantharides*, which he adminiſtered, he debauched the woman: But theſe ſtimulating medicines had ſuch an effect that ſhe died in conſequence thereof; and, by way of attonement to her injured huſband, declared the whole truth in her laſt hours.

Doctor Smellie, in the introduction to his treatiſe on midwifry, ſays,---" *It is natural to ſuppoſe, that, while* " *the ſimplicity of the early ages remained, women would* " *have recourſe to none but perſons of their own ſex in* " *diſeaſes peculiar to it! Accordingly, ſays he, we find* " *that in Egypt midwifry was practiſed by women.*"----- What a pity it was that the uſe of hooks and crotchets, pincers, boreing ſciſſars, tapes and filleting, was not known to the poor Egyptians! That Egyptians, who knew how to preſerve dead bodies for three thouſand years, and to keep their living form, ſhould be ſo ſhort of invention as never to have found out the method of ſcooping a child's brains out! and thereby have preſerved the lives of

the

the poor Egyptian ladies is amazing! I ſuppoſe all the Egyptian mummies brought over here, beſides that in the Muſeum, to be the bodies of poor Egyptian ladies, who died in child-bed! and that the *hieroglyphics* on their *ſicamore* coffins, could they be decyphered, would appear to be the lamentations of their ſurviving huſbands, that no art could be diſcovered whereby nature might be *corrected*, and made more perfect.

Little did the poor Egyptian ladies think that it would be three thouſand years before doctor Smellie would be born, and the art of *touching*, and ſaving women's lives in this *dangerous diſtemper*, be brought to perfection.

But, to comfort my fair countrywomen, let it be remembered, that theſe were Jew ladies. Indeed the doctor obſerves that a law was made at Athens, prohibiting women and ſlaves from practiſing phyſic; but, ſays he, "the *miſtaken* modeſty of the ſex rendered it afterwards "abſolutely neceſſary to allow *free* women the privi- "lege of ſharing this art with the men." By this it appears how ſimilar the practice in our own country at this day is, to the laws then in force at Athens. *Free* women were allowed there to practiſe midwifry; and *Free* women encourage the practice of it here.

Indeed

Indeed we have many women amongſt us, that would not ſuffer a man midwife to attend them under any circumſtances whatever: nay I could, without quitting this iſland, produce a King, a Queen, and eight or ten Princes of the Blood, who all came into the world (God be thanked) juſt as the poor Egyptians did: but, I ſuppoſe it aroſe from a *miſtaken* modeſty of the ſex; or doctor Smellie, or ſome of his brethren, had certainly been called in.

Much more might be ſaid to convince every man of ſenſe, how very indecent, and how very indelicate, the neceſſary buſineſs of a man midwife muſt be carried on. But if he be wantonly diſpoſed, he may turn your wife in whatever attitude for ſight, or *touch*, he pleaſes; nay, he may ſo place her, with her Breech towards him, on the ſide of her bed, with a ſheet thrown over him and her, *as Smellie directs*, ſo as to gratify, unknown to the woman, any paſſion he pleaſes. I know it may be objected to, and ſaid, that a woman, under ſuch circumſtances, muſt be diſguſtful, and remove every ſenſual appetite: But this I deny; it is ſaid a woman is like a riddle, nothing in it, when *found out!* but a fine woman, *unfound out*, can appear in no ſituation, except in the act of death, but ſuch as may ſtir the moſt unconquerable

querable of paſſions; and ſuch as is, and will be excuſed, by every man who knows human nature.

It is not practiſing men midwives I am decrying; but the practice of men in midwifry: I own I never meet any of theſe charioted mungrel phyſicians, that I do not look on them as I ſhould on the emperor of Morrocco, or the baſhaw of Tangier, going to his ſeraglio. I really ſeriouſly conſider, that, from the firſt peer in the kingdom, down to my butter-man's wife in Clare-market, (for ſhe has *her Doctor*) who open their doors for men midwives, open a way to diſgrace their families; to injure the perſons, if not the morals of their wives; and invite every man, who ſeriouſly and prudently conſiders this practice, to look on the huſband who conſents to it, with contempt and indignation. As to myſelf, I ingenuouſly own, could my wife's mind be out of the queſtion, I would ſooner give her up to the embraces of any one man, once a year, than ſubject her perſon to be ſo expoſed, *touched*, and handled, as ſhe who is attended, and delivered of a child, muſt be, by a male midwife.

If the Reader is deſirous of any further proofs of what I advance, let him read Doctor Smellie's book; and take the Doctor's word, inſtead of mine.

There is very little difference, except the ſex, between men and women; nor any thing that is neceſſary relative to midwifry, but a woman can learn, and execute, with more propriety, and more ſafety than men: Inſtruments are always injurious, often dangerous, and never neceſſary. The world was peopled much better, before the amphibious name of men midwives was known; they were imported here from France, at the ſame time that *tire-women* were put down in England. The alteration of modes, within theſe thirty years, are very extraordinary: men midwives are become general; men hair-dreſſers, men ſtay-makers; in ſhort, we want nothing now but the Italian *Cheſtisbea* to be introduced here, in order to qualify our high bred faſhionable ladies to be juſtly ranked with the ladies of Genoa: a country without wood, water without fiſh, their men without honour, and women without virtue. And, if this ſhould ever become the character of the fineſt, and, till of late, the moſt eſteemed women in the world, for their modeſty, beauty, and fidelity; ſtrange as it may appear, I will pronounce, their degeneracy began with the practice of men midwifry, and muſt end with their diſuſe; or have a worſe end.

It is my lot to know a great number of married women, who have always thought on this ſubject as I write; it is my wife's lot to be acquainted with none other: I would as ſoon ſend my wife a viſiting a Covent-Garden hoſteſs, as be familiar with the female male midwife Trumpeters.------Lard, Madam, who is your Doctor? ſays one; well, I'll never *have a woman*; my Doctor is the ſweeteſt man! ſo *gentle*, ſo *humane*, ſo *patient!* and then he is ſo *ſafe:* with a thouſand ſuch fine things of the Doctor, that the Trumpeter ſoon makes half the circle in love with her dear Doctor, before they have even ſeen him, and determine to conſult him the next morning. I ſeriouſly believe that moſt women really love their midwife, in ſome degree equal to that which they feel towards their huſbands; for, if the huſband be an inſtrument to their pleaſures, and comforts, the Doctor alſo is, in their opinion, the inſtrument of their eaſe, and their deliverer from extreme miſery. I never heard a woman ſpeak of her midwife but with an uncommon degree of kindneſs; I have often heard a woman ſpeak of an affectionate huſband, without betraying any.

That many innocent and chaſte women have, and do employ men midwives, I make no doubt; and that many

many men midwives may, and do acquit themſelves, as decently as their practice will admit of, I will not deny: But, that it is an immodeſt, an unneceſſary, and a ſhameful practice to encourage, I will maintain; and that there lives not a man of ſenſe and ſentiment, who loves his wife, that ever returned to her bed with that degree of ſatisfaction and affection, who has undergone a male midwife's *Touch*, as ſhe whoſe perſon is, or he ſuppoſes to be ſacred to him, and him alone. Whenever I ſee a married woman nice in ſentiments, and delicate in her expreſſions, and find ſhe is attended by a male midwife; I conſider her a pretender to both: I look on her with contempt; and I conſider that, if ſhe had the authority of cuſtom to ſupport it, ſhe would permit me, or any other man to take the ſame liberty.

Hard as this, and my former treatiſe, may ſeem to fall on the ladies, thoſe who are warned by it, and apprized of the conſequences, will find the Author their friend, and their deliverer; a friend of more importance to their happineſs, than the unthinking multitude are aware of; and a deliverer from worſe evils than the pains of child-birth can produce.

Men

I deſire every man who loves his wife, or regards his own honour, ſeriouſly to figure to himſelf a ſmart man-midwife, locked into his wife's apartment, lubricating his finger with pomatum, in order to introduce it into his wife's *Vagina!* nay, if he pleaſes, two fingers, or one finger in the *Vagina*, and the other into the *Rectum*, according to the *ingenious* Dr. Smellie's direction under the chapter *Touching*: 'Tis true, the doctor ſays, the patient never fails to complain when *two* are introduced; but what need the doctor care for that? He knows ſhe will not *complain* of it to her huſband; and her complaining to the humane, gentle doctor, furniſhes him with an opportunity to expreſs his concern; to ſhew a freſh inſtance of his *tenderneſs*; and to profeſs his admiration of a woman ſo *exquiſitely ſuſceptible!*

And I deſire every woman who loves her huſband, or who covets his love, ſeriouſly to conſider whether ſhe be ſtrictly intitled to the appellation of being called a modeſt woman, after ſhe has admitted a male operator thus to inſult her perſon and her underſtanding, by taking a liberty that can give him no information whatever, but that ſhe is a fool, or worſe, who ſuffers it. Nay, I am thoroughly perſuaded, that every man midwife, who

happens to be poſſeſſed of either ſenſe or ſentiment, muſt, in his own breaſt, entertain but a very indifferent opinion of the underſtanding of his patients *ſpouſes*.

That many women refuſe their operator this liberty of *Touching*, I firmly believe; but the very attempt of the man, and the neceſſary conſequence of the refuſal of the woman, is almoſt as bad; and either one or the other is ſure to happen, where the ſubject is, in *the Doctor's* opinion, worthy of *his inſpection*.

But ſetting aſide every conſideration as to modeſty, delicacy, ſenſe, ſentiment, and, above all, how this kind of proceeding may ſit on the mind of an affectionate huſband, I will maintain it, that every woman runs a greater riſque of loſing her life with a ſkilful man-midwife, than with even an ignorant fumbling old woman.

The man-midwife is for diſpatch, and that diſpatch cannot be obtained without a double force on nature; for it muſt be obtained with inſtruments, and, conſequently, muſt bring into the world a child that ought not to have made its appearance for ſome hours: I ſuſpect it will be ſaid, what ſignifies an hour or two? But

by

by the ſame reaſon it may be aſked, what ſignifies a month, or a week? and yet either of theſe miſtakes often prove fatal to the mother or child, or both. But ſuppoſe there were no other conſideration but the preſervation of the woman's perſon; a circumſtance of no ſmall importance with the fair ſex; yet that is inevitably ſpoiled, ſo ſure as a man-midwife, and conſequently an inſtrument, comes near them; for they as certainly uſe them, as they prudently and *cautiouſly* conceal them, according to Doctor Smellie's particular advice.

When the parts have been once extended for the convenience of the Doctor's hand and forceps, they never recover their former elaſticity; and if the woman eſcapes inward injuries that often terminate in ulcers many years after, ſhe cannot eſcape without rendering her perſon leſs agreeable, if not totally diſagreeable to her huſband: For theſe people not only do injury at the time of delivery, but frequently three or four days after introduce their hand and arm to perform the office known amongſt themſelves by the epithet of *ſweeping the womb*! than which nothing can be a ſtronger proof of the injury done the woman's perſon at her labour: for this act of womb-ſweeping cannot poſſibly be performed on the perſon of

a woman

a woman who is delivered as ſhe ought, by that unerring *Old Lady* mentioned with ſo much honour in the firſt ſheet of this letter; and to this old lady I hope to be the means of making known all the young and amiable part of my fair countrywomen, who may be aſſured that it is leſs indecent to read this letter to every man of their acquaintance in public, than to admit a male midwife in private; and thoſe who are wiſe enough to rely on what is here wrote, without any other view than their happineſs, will find, by experience, that the author is as much their friend, as he ſeems to be an enemy to the male midwives; which, in truth, is not the caſe; for, as I ſaid above, it is the *practice*, not the *men*, that I mean to exhibit in a proper, and conſequently an odious light.

I cannot conclude, without drawing forth the ſting from the tale of my former letter, *Addreſſed to a young Lady on her Marriage*, and levell'd at the Monthly and Critical Reviews; for tho' the Critical Review had the prudence to ſpeak of that letter in the moſt contemptuous way, the Monthly Review has had the candour to mention it in a manner that did honour to both; and has made his remarks with that cool and diſpaſſionate judgment, that is incumbent on Reviewers. It is not whether *they themſelves* approve or diſapprove the ſubject; but to inform their readers fairly and impartially with the ſubject and ſubſtance of the performance; yet theſe

critical

critical monthly Book Midwives (for they murder books for want of infant-practice) cannot confine their pens within the bounds of decency, becauſe a letter is publiſhed decrying a profeſſion they were bred to, but by which they cannot earn their bread; and therefore were obliged to lay aſide the forceps for the pen, and endeavour to *ſcoop out the brains of grown gentlemen and ladies* who figure in print, inſtead of *reducing* children's heads in their mother's womb. However, to convince you, Meſſrs. Critical Reviewers, that I am not very angry with you, one word of friendly advice: If you are really wiſe, and wiſh well to your brethren of the faculty, *forget* this *indecent* letter in your monthly catalogue; for in ſpite of all you can ſay as to the indecency of the writer, or the incorrect manner in which he writes, it will have its weight among men of ſenſe, and women of virtue: And I flatter myſelf that it will open the eyes of a multitude of men, and women too, who never conſidered this matter as they ought; and determine them to be ſatisfied that Mrs. Draper, Mrs. Maddox, and many other women, can do all that is neceſſary to be done, with decency and ſafety; and as the two firſt Perſonages in the kingdom have (when a crown was at ſtake) been content with the aſſiſtance *only* of *Goody Nature*, *Goody Kennon*, and *Goody Draper*, I hope to

ſee the Day, when butter or fiſh women only, will venture to ſend for any of the male goodys: to ſuch people as theſe, a taudry chariot, and a ſtill more taudry doctor, with a black velvet coat, lined with pink ſilk, ſtopping at their doors, muſt be a matter of no ſmall conſequence; But that people of faſhion ſhould be amuſed and cajoled by ſuch external trapping, is very amazing: but it is what, I am perſuaded, I ſhall ſee for the future confined to that claſs of people only, who are void of ſenſe and decency.

P. S. I do ſolemnly aſſure the Critical Reviewers, that neither my *Mother* nor *Grandmother* are *Midwives*; that *Cheſtiſbea* is ſpelt according to auricular orthography, as I have no Italian dictionary near me; and that any information they may be pleaſed to give me of my grammatical Errors (of which I am conſcious there are many) will be kindly taken; but I enter a caveat againſt a charge of indecency, without allowing me as much, at leaſt, as their friend Dr. Smellie.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

Page 9. line 13 *dele* and. Page 10. line 5. *for* in *read* is.